**K-5 ELA Lesson Plan**

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| **Teacher:** | | **Grade:** 5th grade | | | **Date(s)**: August 2012 |
| **Unit Title:**  Reading/Writing Apprentice | | | **Corresponding Unit Task:** Task 1 | | |
| * **Essential Question(s):** How do readers use what they know about the patterns of text structure to read nonfiction text? * How do readers write in response to reading (reader’s notebook, graphic organizer, etc.) before, during, and after reading to deepen understanding? * Why do authors write informational texts? * How do we engage in collaborative discussion? | | | | | |
| **Materials/Resources** | | | **Essential Vocabulary** | | |
| **Teacher/Student:**  **Teacher:**   * PowerPoint on Colonial America and different types of apprenticeships. * List of apprenticeships for students to choose from (baker, milliner, candle maker, blacksmith, and apothecary). * Article on “Trades-the Shoemakers Shop”. (Found through TCI subscriptions and attached below). * Notes on Main Idea and details. * Graphic Organizer (Noting What I’ve Learned). * Engaging scenario. * Unit 1.   **Students:**   * Reading strategy notebook. * Pencil. * Copy of graphic organizer. | | | | * **Apprentice** * **Main Idea** * **Details** * **Colonial America** * **Summarize** | |
| **Learning Experience(s)** | | | | | |
| **Gradual Release of Responsibility:**   * Modeled * Shared * Guided Practice * Independent | **Reading**  **Standards:**  **RI.5.2** - Determine two or more main ideas of a text and explain how they are supported by key details; summarize the text.  **RI.5.10** - By the end of the year, read and comprehend informational texts, including history/social studies, science, and technical texts, at the high end of the grades 4–5 text complexity band independently and proficiently.  **SL.5.1 -** Engage effectively in a range of collaborative discussions (one-on-one, in groups, and teacher-led) with diverse partners on grade 5 topics and texts, building on others’ ideas and expressing their own clearly.  **I Can Statement(s):**  I can understand main idea and details, and their importance in comprehending a text.  I can identify the main idea and supporting details in a non-fiction text.  **Instructional Plan:**   * To begin this lesson, the teacher will engage the students by posing the questions, what do you think life used to be like without all of our modern technologies? * Students will share a few responses or can turn and talk. (think-pair-share) * Teacher will then let the students know they will be looking back in time to Colonial America and will share the Power Point to build background knowledge. * Next, the teacher will explain the Units project (researching an apprentice) and will read the engaging scenario. * The teacher will then go over the list of 5 apprenticeships that the students can choose from. Students will then choose their apprenticeship. * Next, the teacher will explain that they will be reading an article about life in Colonial Williamsburg to build further knowledge of the time and will be focusing on the **main idea and details.** * The teacher and students will discuss and review main idea and details and will take a few notes in their reading strategy notebook. * Next, the teacher will introduce the article and graphic organizer that will be used (Noting what I’ve Learned). * The teacher will model the graphic organizer with the first few paragraphs and the students will work in groups to finish the article as the teacher circulates around the room or pulls a small group. * After the majority of the students have finished reading the article, the teacher will pull the students back together for a closing discussion about the various main ideas that were found. | | | | |
| **Gradual Release of Responsibility:**   * Modeled * Shared * Guided Practice * Independent | **Writing**  **Standards:**  **W.5.10** - Write routinely over extended time frames (time for research, reflection, and revision) and shorter time frames (a single sitting or a day or two) for a range of discipline-specific tasks, purposes, and audiences.  **W.5.8** - Recall relevant information from experiences or gather relevant information from print and digital sources; summarize or paraphrase information in notes and finished work, and provide a list of sources.  **I Can Statement(s):** I can reflect on what I have learned by writing a brief summary about Colonial Life in America.  **Instructional Plan:**   * Students will be provided time at the end of the lesson to demonstrate their understanding of what has been learned through a quick write (3-5 minutes). The quick write will be turned in to the teacher and used as an assessment of understanding and to plan future lessons. | | | | |
|  | **Word Study**  **NONE** | | | | |
| **Gradual Release of Responsibility:**   * Modeled * Shared * Guided Practice * Independent | **Speaking & Listening**  **Standards:**  **SL.5.1 -** Engage effectively in a range of collaborative discussions (one-on-one, in groups, and teacher-led) with diverse partners on grade 5 topics and texts, building on others’ ideas and expressing their own clearly.  **I Can Statement(s):**  I can collaborate with my group members and participate in class discussions.  **Instructional Plan:**  See reading plan above for guided and group discussions. | | | | |
| **Closing/Summarizing Strategy** | The teacher will bring the students together to discuss and review main idea and details, why it is important for comprehension, and Colonial Life. Students will then do a quick write, summarizing what they have learned. | | | | |
| **Differentiation Strategies** | | | | | |
| **Extension** | | **Intervention** | | | **Language Development** |
| Students who finish early can use the computer to begin researching information on their apprentice. | | Teacher will pull small groups as necessary to help scaffold instruction and provide support for those who need it. | | | Visual will be provided for ESL students, as well as the graphic organizer to help guide and support students. I can statements will also be posted. |
| **Assessment(s) & Reflection** | | | | | |
| **Assessment(s):**  The quick write at the end of the lesson will be used as an informal assessment to help guide instruction. The teacher will also informally assess the students through group work and classroom discussions. | | | | | |
| **Teacher Reflection:** (Next steps?)  The next lesson will involve the students researching their apprenticeships, while learning about the various text structures. Students will also apply the skill of main idea and details when taking notes from the articles provided by the teacher about the different apprenticeships. | | | | | |

*Note: This template does not reflect the lesson plans for Guided Reading.*

**Section 4 - Trades: The Shoemaker’s Shop**



If you walked along the streets of Williamsburg, you would see a number of shops where **craftsmen [craftsmen: a person who works at a job that requires manual or artistic skill]** worked at their **trades [trade: a craft or an occupation that requires manual, artistic, or mechanical skill]**. These stores were called trade shops.

Craftsmen in the colonies made items that colonists needed for their homes and farms. Blacksmiths made objects such as cooking pots and plows out of iron and steel. Coopers made barrels and other containers. Millers ground grains into flour. Gunsmiths made rifles and repaired metal items like buckles, bells, and axes. Other craftsmen included carpenters, cabinetmakers, and candle makers.

Three levels of craftsmen worked in trade shops. Master craftsmen owned their shops. They were experienced at their trade. Sometimes, they hired one or two journeymen. Journeymen were skilled workers but did not own a shop. Master craftsmen also used apprentices, who were workers learning the trade. Apprentices learned by working with the more skilled craftsmen. They did tasks requiring less skill.

Apprentices worked for a period lasting from four to seven years or until they reached the age of 21. At that point they could become journeymen.

At times, enslaved African Americans were trained in a craft. Some slave owners allowed slaves to earn money by working for other people. Even so, very few slaves were able to save enough money to buy their freedom.

One of the most common crafts in Williamsburg was shoemaking. Shoemakers specialized in making either men’s or women’s shoes and boots. At any one time, 9 to 12 shoemakers competed with one another for business. They also had to compete with merchants, or the people who buy and sell goods. Merchants’ shops sold shoes that were made in other places, including Great Britain.

Shopping for shoes in Williamsburg was not much different from buying shoes today. Customers could buy ready-made shoes in standard sizes. But if someone needed an unusual size or some other special feature, the shoemaker would make a custom pair just for that person.

**ARTICLES FOR RESEARCH ON EACH APPRENTICE**

A Day in the Life of a Colonial Carpenter

Good day, my name is Isabel Carpenter. I am fourteen years of age. My Father is a carpenter and I am going to tell you about what life is like for me as a carpenter’s daughter. I live in Williamsburg and it is the 18th century.

I woke up thinking what I had to do today. I was being trained by my father to become a carpenter. We are working on flooring for rooms in houses. I got up and put on my clothes. Since I am middleclass, I don’t have beautiful clothes like the King of England but, I do not have rough and scratchy clothes like slaves. I went outside to milk the cow. It is summer, thank goodness, because otherwise it would be freezing.

After I was finished with my outside chores, I headed inside to make breakfast for my younger brothers and sisters. My sister, Rose, and I are in charge of the younger siblings because our Mother died when I was little. So after breakfast was done, I went downstairs to start working with Father. I got some wood, nails, and a hammer. Some other tools that I use are axes, hatchets, chisels, and mallets. So I started working.

Since I am a girl, if I became a carpenter in a few years, work would be a lot harder for me than it is for a boy. It is very rare for a girl to get a job because she is supposed to stay home. It is like finding a needle in a haystack.

Father and I were talking about the taxes coming from England . “I think it unfair!,” I said. “No, I think it is down right aweful” my Father said. “Well, he certainly has a great taste in clothing,” I exclaimed. “He always looks so fancy.”

“I can agree with you on that,” said Father.

A few hours later, I came upstairs and made dinner for everyone. I needed to hurry because I had to put together all the ingredients for tonight’s supper. We are having an expensive soup that we rarely have. Anyway, I was hurrying with eating dinner and then I went down to the storage cellar to get the food.

I got garlic, cheese, salt, sugar, and flour. When I got back upstairs, I started to make supper. I was talking with my brothers about what they had learned in school yesterday. They really are lucky they get an education. Girls are not allowed to go to school. I wish we could though. I was getting close to finishing supper. I called everyone in my family down for supper. We all sat down and prayed and began eating. Everyone thought it was delicious.

Later that night in bed, I was thinking. What a good life.



Adapted by Holly Harris:

Candlemaker, Carpenter, Cartographer. Tripod. 15 Jan. 2009

<http://members.tripod.com/~hkcarms/oc5.html>.

The Medieval Craftsman. 16 Jan. 2009

<http://library.thinkquest.org/10949/fief/hicraft.html>.

Carpentry: Simple Woodworking Projects. 2007. 15 Jan. 2009

<http://icarpentryguide.com/>.

**Carpenter and Joiner**

In a century when most structures were built from wood, no tradesmen were more useful than the carpenter and joiner. The main business of the colonial carpenter was to cut and join timber and board into sturdy wooden homes and shops. Joinery is one of the specializations of carpentry. As Williamsburg blossomed, the demand for new homes, shops, outbuildings stables, sheds, and their repair grew at a rapid pace.

**Using authentic tools**

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| AugerAugers Wooden items ranging from musical instruments to wagon wheels required holes. Augers of various sizes and shapes were used for the purpose of boring holes. |
| http://www.history.org/siteimages/spacer.gif |
| Bitstock   Braces The **bitstock** pictured here was designed for heavy use, was made of iron, and bored with a continuous motion. |
| http://www.history.org/siteimages/spacer.gif |
| Chisels ChiselChisels and gouges are among the most ancient tools used to shape wood, and their basic form has remained the same for thousands of years. **Carving chisels and gouges** were made in many different shapes and sizes for decorative carving. |
| http://www.history.org/siteimages/spacer.gif |
| Compasses and calipers Trammel pointsCompasses and calipers were often used to measure and fit work in the 18th century, rather than using a measurement of inches or feet. The **Trammel points** compass shown here had two or more heads that could be positioned along a bar. It would have been used to lay out large arcs and circles. |
| http://www.history.org/siteimages/spacer.gif |
| Shaves or scorpsDrawknives and spokeshaves Drawknives were used for quick shaping or trimming of flat products like shingles. **Shaves or scorps** like those illustrated here were used for jobs such as shaping wooden chair seats and smoothing the inside of bowls. |
| http://www.history.org/siteimages/spacer.gif |
| Shipbuilder's pin maulHammers Hammers have been used for thousands of years to drive nails and wooden pins and to position fittings like barrel hoops. 18th-century toolmakers produced dozens of types of hammers to suit specific tasks. **Shipbuilders' pin mauls** like the one shown here were used to drive and countersink spikes and wooden pins. |
| http://www.history.org/siteimages/spacer.gif |
| Cooper's croze Planes A plane is a tool for shaping or smoothing a wood surface. Colonial carpenters used a variety of planes, including the **coopers' croze** shown here, which was used to cut the groove in barrel staves for the barrel head fit. |
| http://www.history.org/siteimages/spacer.gif |
| Saws Compass sawSaws have been used to cut wood for more than 5,000 years! In the 18th century, saws were made in a variety of sizes and shapes designed for different jobs. The **compass saw** shown here had a narrow pointed blade which allowed it to be started through a small drilled hole. It was used to saw holes in the middle of boards and pierced work such as chair splats. |
| http://www.history.org/siteimages/spacer.gif |
| Carpenter's Square  Squares and bevels Squares and bevels were used to lay out and check the accuracy of angles. The **carpenter's square** shown here was made of iron and was used to mark and test right angles. They were typically marked off in inches for measuring, much as they are today. |
| http://www.history.org/siteimages/spacer.gif |

Found on Colonial Williamsburg website: [CW Journal](http://www.history.org/Foundation/journal/): [Spring 03](http://www.history.org/Foundation/journal/feature2.cfm#Spring03) : Colonial Williamsburg Journal: Carpentry tools on July 18, 2012

**Colonial Life: Candle Maker**

February 16, 1660

I woke up this morning in my town of Williamsburg, Virginia and left the house knowing that I would have to go door to door and offer to make candles for people. That was what I knew how to do and that’s how I got my money. I went up to the first house and knocked on the door. I told the young man that my name was Jacquelyn, I was a candle maker, and that I was willing to make candles for them as long as he provided the supplies I needed to make them. He said that he didn’t know what was needed to make them.

“All you would need is a hot fire, cotton that I could twist into a wick, tallow also known has animal fat, or beeswax,” I answered.

“I have all those supplies. Come on in.”

The young fellow had both tallow and beeswax available for my candle making. I asked him which one he would like me to use and he answered tallow.

“Pardon me, but why would you want tallow instead of beeswax?” I asked curiously.

“Well, why wouldn’t I want to use tallow instead?”

“Tallow is smokier and smellier than beeswax.” I answered.

“Oh. Well Jacquelyn, I would like a couple beeswax candles instead of tallow please,”

“Yes sir.”

I started my candle making at the young man’s house once the beeswax was melted and ready for dipping and the cotton was twisted tight enough to be a wick. I was surprised that this young man had beeswax for candle making. The only type of candle that the colony used was beeswax, only wealthy people had them, and they were so expensive and valuable that they were kept under lock and key. This man didn’t look wealthy; he actually looked like a peasant, just like me.

“So did you hear about the lost colony at Roanoke?” I asked trying to make conversation.

“Not in a long time. What has happened now?”

“Well there is no sign of the people there. All that is left is the word CROATAN chiseled into a tree. The just seemed to disappear!”

“Well isn’t that mysterious!” exclaimed the young man.

“We were very fortunate to have landed here. Don’t you also think that?”

“Yes, I am very fortunate for that.”

“I think it would have killed me to be part of that colony! It must have been so hard for them. They had hardly any provisions to survive.”

“I would have stood my ground in that colony and made the best of that situation.” they man said turning to head out of his house to leave.

I finished up my job at the young man’s house and got my money. I knew this money wouldn’t last long though because I would have to spend it all on my necessities and taxes. I, and other candle makers, only make enough money to pay for our needs. I guess you could say that candle making is a hard job, but it’s also a craft.

**Adapted by Holly Harris**

**Works Cited:**

“Candle Making History.” Soy-Candle-Business.com. Feb. 2009. Shelly Begarowicz. 1 Jan. 2009 <http://www.soy-candle-business.com/candle-making-history.html>.

“Medieval Peasant.” ThinkQuest Library. 10 Feb. 2009 <http://library.thinkquest.org/10949/rief/medpeasant.html>.

Oneonta.edu. 1 Jan. 2009 <http://employees.oneonta.edu/farberas/arth/arthzoo/artist/guilds.html>.

# Colonial Candle-making Tools thumbnailColonial Candle-making Tools



Elle Stober

Elle Stober has been writing and editing professionally since 1989. She worked for newspapers in Tennessee towns, including Sevierville and Knoxville, and in Florida in Apalachicola, Lake City and Tallahassee. Her work has appeared in "Florida Wildlife" and the "Arkansas Democrat-Gazette." She won several awards in Florida Society of Newspaper Editors competitions. Stober earned a Bachelor of Science in communications from the University of Tennessee.

By Elle Stober, eHow Contributor

**Candles were an important part of colonial life**.

Colonial candle-making was a time-consuming but essential chore. It was typically an autumn task, coinciding with the onset of cooler weather, shorter days and less sunlight. Women were in charge of making candles; they melted tallow, or animal fat, and other materials in large iron kettles and used wooden rods to lower wicks made of twisted cotton scraps, flax and hemp into the kettles. Later, candle molds were a popular and welcome addition to the process.

## Candle Materials

## Colonial women used tallow, or animal fat, to make candles and eventually turned to bayberry to produce a better-smelling candle. Boiling bayberries produced a pleasant-smelling wax, but obtaining wax in that fashion was an arduous process. They also used beeswax, but it was more expensive than tallow, which produced a messy, smelly candle. Wax derived from whale oil became more widely available in the late 1700s and turned into a popular candle component.

## Candle Rods

Candle rods were wooden rods around 18 inches long that candle makers could use to dip several candles at a time. They draped six or eight wicks over the rod so that they hung in equidistant lengths, then dipped the wicks repeatedly into a pot filled with tallow, bayberry wax or spermaceti, allowing the wax to cool between dips until the candle had reached the desired thickness.

**Iron Kettles**

Colonial women boiled tallow in iron kettles to make candles. The iron kettle was a standard colonial candle-making tool; it was suspended over a burning fire to boil tallow. The trick was to keep the tallow from hardening as the candle maker dipped wicks---and to keep it from getting so hot it melted the wax off candles already started.

## Candle Molds

Candle molds were a welcome addition to the candle-making process. They consisted of attached groups of tubes made of iron, tin or pewter. Candle makers poured wax around wicks into the tubes and waited for them to cool. After they had cooled, the candle makers removed them by immersing the molds in hot water and sliding the candles out.

**Milliner**

[](http://www.history.org/history/museums/clothingexhibit/index.cfm)

Millinery shops were almost always owned by women in the 18th century. They would sell fabric that could be made into clothing. A milliner would also make things like shirts, aprons, caps, hats, muffs, and trim for gowns. Many young girls would become an apprentice to a milliner so she could learn the skills of gown making. It was important that she learned how to cut, fit, and sew fabric so a customer could get just the right fit. The milliner was known to furnish everything for the ladies that would contribute to their beauty.

**Milliners imported goods from London**

In addition to being a trades woman who made fashion accessories, the milliner was also a businesswoman who sold a wide range of fashionable imported goods. It was not uncommon for a milliner in the colonies to advertise that she had just imported from London the very latest in mercery, haberdashery, jewelry, hosiery, shoes "and other items."

The other primary 18th-centurywoman's trade was that of mantua making – or gown making. On occasion, the apprenticeship for milliners also included learning the skills of mantua making. Independent of a millinery shop, the gown maker was on par with the tailor – both were skilled in cutting, fitting, and sewing but usually were not able to sell fabric to their customers. In the 18th century, fabric accounted for the largest part of the cost of clothing.

Found at: <http://www.history.org/almanack/life/trades/trademln.cfm> on July 18, 2012

From Colonial Williamsburg.

**Daily Life of a Milliner**



“Cock-a-doodle-doo!” I jump out of bed in fright…

“Ah!” I scream.

“I hate that rooster!” I look at my wall clock, exactly 6:00am.

“I swear that rooster is never off by a second!” I go into my trunk of clothes, and pull out a light blue skirt along with a white lace shirt and brown apron. A little white bonnet tops it all off. I then head toward my little bowl of water and large mirror so I can wash my face and put my hair into two plain Jane braids.

I head out of my bedroom door and into my little kitchen. I take a pot, out of one of my cabinets and place it on a burning fire, and add some fresh water. After a few minutes I add some yummy spices, chopped up meat, pealed potatoes, and large carrots! I go into my pantry again and take out some left over corn bread, and place on a little plate. I eat fairly quickly; the corn bread is *extremely* good! I place my dishes into the sink and wash them all before I go to my job.

I start to head down stairs to my Milner shop at around 7:00am. I figure I’ll have enough time to relax before any townspeople come. I open at about 7:30am, as my job can take a very long time to make the items perfect.

While I am waiting for the people to come, I finish up a white apron with a pocket and trimmed with lace for Elizabeth Smith, one of my dearest friends!

The first person enters in at 7:35 precisely on the dot. She asks me if I would make her a brown bonnet by tomorrow. I accept with out hesitation and ask what her name is, and what time she was planning to pick it up by.

She replies, “My name is Betty Kelly and I’ll be picking it up at about 12:00 noon tomorrow if that’s okay with you.”

“Okay!” I reply.

She turns around and walks out the door. I get right to business with her bonnet. I work on it for quite a while working hard and then finally finish it. I thought that I would put a lace on part of it to make it really fancy for her, and also to make it look better.

My second buyer runs in through the door and practically screams, “I need a black skirt. . . QUICKLY!”

I say, “Okay but why so quickly?”

She tells me that she has a meeting with the governor in one hour and all her nice clothes are on the drying rack.

I begin to measure her and get all of the fabric that she wants and get ready to sew it all together. It took me about 20 minutes to do that, so I only had 40 minutes left to sew the pieces together.

Finally I finish with only 10 minutes sparing. She thanked me about a million times and then ran out the door to get ready!

While I am watching for more people to come, I decide to clean up a little bit! Like putting all the scraps of fabric in the garbage basket, and putting all the good fabric in its appropriate places. Finally 11:00am rolls around. I normally have lunch around this time. Today was a Wednesday though. On Wednesdays, some of the governor’s friends go over his house for cheese cake after there lunch. So I have to leave an appetite for that!

I go back upstairs, to my living area so I can cook myself a little lunch. For my lunch I take out some more meat. I put the meat on a pan over the fire to cook. When the meat is ready I place it on a plate and eat it all up!

Downstairs I go again to meat Elizabeth, who is coming to pick up her apron. I wait about 15 minutes and when she comes in her apron is done and ready to give to her nicely folded. I handed her the apron and she thanked me and paid. We talked a bit and then not long after she said she had to leave, I got ready to leave. I glanced at the clock, 12:30pm.

“Oh, it’s time to go to the governors for cheesecake.” I say and walked out the door. I lived very close to the governor’s house. All I had to do was go up a hill. I took me only five minutes to get there. I met everyone there as always, and ate cheesecake. After that we talked for about and hour and a half and then I left.

For the next 7 hours which seemed like 20 hours, people came in and out and bought some clothing! I looked at my clock 9:00pm.

“I guess that was the last person of the day.” I said. And I headed up to my second floor to rest my hands and back, I was ready for dinner! I was going to have to make some cornbread for dinner to assist my leftover soup. I took out a pot and put some water in it and placed it on the fire. I added all of the ingredients, and a delicious smell drifted from my house. I guessed that people in the town were enjoying my wonderful smell.

I placed the cornbread into a plate and the leftover soup in a bowl and with in the next few minutes both of the dishware looked like it never had anything in it! “It was very warm, yummy, and refreshing!” I slowly washed up my dishes and went to sit by the fire. I needed to relax! I fell asleep while sitting by the fire.

“I wonder what will happen tomorrow………”

Found at: <http://www.asij.ac.jp/elementary/gr5web/projects/martinsburg/5Ma_colonial_webs/jilliand/>

on July 18, 2012

### A Day In The Life Of An Apprentice Blacksmith

Historical Fiction by Jock Dempsey - anvilfire guru - Copyright © 1998

Well, how about - You are an apprentice to a blacksmith. You are 11 years old and only four months into your 7 years of servitude as an apprentice, making you the lowest of the low. Even the Missus' house slave gets treated better than you. Your morning starts before the Master's and Journeymen while they are having breakfast. It is cold and you have to clean out the forges, break up and haul in charcoal for the day (about 2 bushels), sweep and pick up the tools and scraps of iron left on the floor from the previous day. Then you start fires in the forges and before it gets warm you leave to get breakfast from the Master's table (if the Journeymen have left any). The Master's wife gives you a lump of hard bread and some hot tea and tells you to make it quick, its going to be a busy day. You drink the tea and eat your bread on the way back to the shop (about half a minute's walk).  
  
In the shop no one pays attention to you as you take your place at the bellows behind the Master's forge. The Journeymen pump their own as they work because there is only one first year apprentice. You start to pump the paired bellows and heat up the forge. As you do little sparks jump from the fire like fleas and occasionally land on you. You forget to pay attention to the fire and soon it is roaring. The Master snaps at you for not paying attention and wasting fuel. All banter stops as everyone looks at you. Your Master is a good man and assured your parents you would learn the trade but right now you just feel like an abused slave. So far all you have done is sweep and clean and most of the time the Master takes over pumping his own bellows and sends you to haul in more charcoal, water for the slack-tub or bars of iron that weight half as much as you do. You wonder if you will ever be allowed to use a tool other than a broom.  
  
You get more charcoal for the Master's forge, carefully breaking it up in the size lumps he prefers. The charcoal is still in the shape of the branches and logs that were coaled and are often as strong as the original. You use an axe to break up the charcoal. You dislike this more than anything else you do because it gets you covered with fine black dust from head to toe and it itches!  
  
When you return the Master is heating a two large pieces of wrought iron in his forge and the head Journeyman is doing the same in his. The pieces are as big as your arm and probably weigh 25 pounds each! Both smiths are vigorously pumping their bellows and the Master nods to you to put the charcoal in both forges and then says, "More" as he intently gazes into the fire watching the heat soak into the iron. More CHARCOAL? You scurry out and break up some more not being so careful this time. You notice the other Journeymen cutting more of that big bar with a long handled chisel and a sledge. They cut iron bars like you cut a twig with an axe! The Master is up to something big so you hurry even more! When you get back there more pieces of iron in the forges and the Journeymen have the third forge blazing now and had even gotten their OWN charcoal! The small shop appears to be ablaze from the almost bonfire sized blazes. And THIS just after admonishing you about wasting fuel!  
  
The Master nods at you indicating to take over at the bellows. The pieces of iron in his forge are white hot now and little white sparks occasionally rise from the fire as the iron starts to burn! All the Journeymen quit what they are doing and gather around the Master's anvil as he and a Journeyman pull out the white hot metal and stack it on the anvil. Suddenly there is a bam, bam, bam, bam, as the the Journeyman hit the huge mass with sledges and there is a rain of white sparks! Then you see the Master tap the piece with a small hand hammer and the Journeyman each hit the piece exactly where the Master hit within a second of each other! The two lumps are becoming one! You had seen the Master and Journeymen forge weld, but nothing as grand as this!  
  
Now the heavy welded lump is returned to the fire and the Master just says, "Hotter", as the Journeymen bring two more white hot lumps to the anvil and this time you SEE the Master strike the blow that directs the powerful strokes. White sparks fill the shop again. The sledges are huge! They look to be as big as half an anvil! You wonder how the Journeymen keep from hitting each other when the sledges seem to fall immediately after one and other? Now the second lump is welded and is returned to the Journeyman forge. You keep pumping the bellows. The pieces are each taken out of the forges and hammered some more. "Scarfing" says one of the Journeymen. While this is going on the other Journeymen have been hammering some smaller pieces and now those are back in the fire too. The Master sends you for more charcoal saying, "Don't stop to break it up."   
  
When you come back everyone is in a hurry for more charcoal, "Don't want to lose the heat", they say. You wonder if there could be more heat in the fires of hell than there was in this place!  
  
Suddenly you are bumped out the way, the pieces are at welding heat. The two huge pieces are brought out of the forges, stacked on top of each other and bam, bam, bam, bam! And bam,bam, bam, bam again as the huge sledges strike! The white hot lump is starting to dwarf the Masters anvil! As the pounding continues the Master says , "More heat!" Something you've NEVER heard when there was no iron in the fire.  
  
Now two Journeymen are holding the piece and two more are doing what looks like punching a hole with a square handled punch, striking it with a sledge hammer. Then they turn the piece over and do it again. Now they insert two long bars in the holes and lift the piece back into the forge. HANDLES! They had made places for handles! As you pump the bellows the Master dumps what's left of the charcoal on top of the piece, and says "Pump faster!" You are getting tired, what time is it? Seems like you have been at it ALL day and the Master says "faster" again.  
  
The fire is huge now and too hot to look into. When the piece is up to welding heat the two Journeymen with the bars lift the piece and instead of putting it on the anvil set it on the floor. Almost before they are out of the way a broom is swept across the white hot surface to remove the flakes of burnt iron and another conical piece is set on and hammered from two sides at one time! What's THAT? You can't believe it. An anvil! They are making an ANVIL!  
  
The anvil is still white hot when it is put back into the forge and one of the Journeymen dumps a load of charcoal on top while you pump the bellows. They had NEVER done THAT before! You were ALWAYS the one that had to get the charcoal.  
  
Moments later the anvil is being pulled back out of the fire and the Master motions for you to stop pumping. Another thin piece is brought out of the other forge and laid on the NEW white hot anvil. This time smaller sledges are used and a thing one of the Journeymen call a "flatter" is moved across the surface as one of the men strike it lightly.  
  
Now the bars called "porters or porter bars" as you learn later, are inserted into the anvil and it is lifted back onto the Masters anvil and set face down. One Journeyman holds a square punch with a handle as the Master pounds it nearly through the underside of the anvil. Then they step back as the anvil is lifted and set face up on the floor. The punch is lined up with a dark (cool) spot on the face of the anvil and it is driven through. The anvil is below a yellow heat now as the Master and the head Journeyman each hammer on the sides and edges of the anvil cleaning up nicks and dings from the heavy sledges.  
  
With nothing to do you come over to look and lean on the Master's anvil. Ouch! Steam comes off your arm! Its as hot as if IT had been in the fire! - Now the Journeyman are clearing a path at the back door. The NEW anvil is still a bright orange though the point of the horn and some of the corners appear to be cool.  
  
On the Master's command two of the Journeymen lift the anvil with the porter bars and head out the door. What are they going to do outside with a red hot anvil! Now they shuffle down the creek bank to the grist mill next door and wade into the pond below the great wheel WITH THE ANVIL! Then they sit it on a stone under the water falling off the wheel and great clouds of steam start to rise from the pond and wheel! The Journeymen step back and then with a yell jump into the cold water for an impromptu swim. It is then that you notice that you and the Master and other Journeymen are soaked with sweat. The day had started out a cool October morning. Then you realize that the sun is low and it is cooling off. Where had the day gone?  
  
As you head back to the shop to clean up you find yourself walking with the Master. He volunteers the longest statement you will ever hear from him during the next seven years of your apprenticeship.

*Don't forget the things you have seen this day. You may never see the like again in your lifetime.   
  
Paul's time as an apprentice is over* (you had always thought he was one of the younger Journeymen) *and he wanted an ANVIL! He could have had his whole kit of Journeyman's tools but HE wanted it all in one lump! The new Irish Journeyman had worked for a while in a shop back in England where they made anvils and vises and HE said it could be done.   
  
Now don't YOU get any ideas. That's probably the FIRST anvil made in America and the LAST one I make! Now take the rest of the day and go for a swim if you want.*

The next day was back to business as usual. Except Paul and his NEW anvil were gone, the Journeymen seemed to say at least two words instead of the usual one and the dark blacksmith shop now seemed to sparkle with interesting things. Now you KNOW you will happily be a blacksmith forever.

**The Life of a Colonial Blacksmith**



Nacie Carson

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By Nacie Carson, eHow Contributor, last updated March 05, 2012



*A colonial blacksmith was a respected tradesman in his community, for he was responsible for creating and maintaining the tools utilized by almost all the other tradesmen. He practiced his craft in his workshop to turn raw metal, such as iron and steel, into functional items like horseshoes, farming hoes and barrel supports.*

## Apprenticeship

* Colonial blacksmiths started their craft training around age thirteen as apprentices to the local established blacksmith. They were almost exclusively men. There were rarely more than one or two blacksmiths in a colonial community as the small villages could not handle much competition, however in larger settlements like Boston or Philadelphia there may have been several more. During his apprenticeship, a young blacksmith would be taught additional skills to forge work including basic math, reading and writing. In exchange for his training, the boy would assist his trainer for free and perform small duties around the forge. The length of training varied with individual situation, and at the end the apprentice would be given several small tools and the right to open his own shop.

## Position in Society

* Blacksmiths typically held an upper middle class position in Colonial society, being prominent members of their communities yet still laborers. In the Southern colonies, such as Virginia and South Carolina, African slaves often served as the plantation and community blacksmiths, however due to their indentured state were not given status based on their craft.

## Forges

* Colonial blacksmiths practiced their trade in workshops that were called forges. A forge, also referred to as a smithy, was typically a barnlike structure attached to the blacksmith’s dwelling that was open on one or more sides and contained a heat source to melt and soften metal. In colonial times, the most common heat source was a large hearth, or open flame, that was placed next to or under an anvil. The anvil was a large metal surface where the blacksmith would lay his work in progress while he manipulated it into shape with a hammer. In addition to the tools and raw materials, the forge would also contain a large vat of water called a slack tub where freshly hewn metal was submerged to cool it instantly.

## Significance

* Blacksmiths created a variety of items essential to everyday life in Colonial America. They fashioned and supplied pins, fasteners, and wheel pieces for other craftsmen, like the saddle maker, farmer, builder, miller, and shop keepers. Blacksmiths also crafted tools used in the house, such as metal pots, pans, plates, cups, fireplace accessories, forks and knives. In some larger colonial establishments, blacksmiths were commissioned by local governments to create wrought iron gates and door knockers for community buildings.

## Role in the Revolution

* Colonial blacksmiths played an important role for the plight of the rebels during the American Revolution. In secret from the British, those loyal to the Colonists forged swords, knives, and other gear for the rebel army. They shod the horses of the Minute Men and other militias enabling them to keep pace with the well-trained British army and communicate swiftly between each other. This was done at great risk to the blacksmith and his family, for if his assistance was discovered he would be tried and hung as a traitor to the British crown.

**Daily Life of a Colonial Baker**

[Page history](http://medievallife.pbworks.com/w/page-revisions/20701039/Daily%20Life%20of%20a%20Medieval%20Baker) last edited by [ChristinaC](javascript:alert('Please%20join%20this%20workspace%20to%20see%20more%20details%20about%20this%20user.');) 3 years, 5 months ago



Hello! Welcome to the day in the life of a bakers daughter, me Emily Baker. My life includes where I live, how I live, and most importantly my job. My life is hard, but I overcome my many obstacles with the help of my family. It is now the year 1770 in the Virginia colonies.

I live with my mother, my father, my baby brother Herald, and younger sister Elizabeth. I am learning to become a baker and be able to live on my own with my soon to be husband Harvey. Harvey is also a baker who also lives on our road. Now that I am at age to marry, mother and father have chosen me a husband to marry. When I marry Harvey I will live with him and we will be in charge of my father and mothers bakery.

Each morning I awake when it is still dark to the rooster crowing. I live on Baker Lane like many other bakers do in the colonies. I must knead the dough that my father has prepared with yeast, flour, sugar, salt, and water until the dough can be pulled of the sides of the wooden carved bowl. Each morning I knead 20 different types of bread. The fancy white dough bread was made for the rich upper-class people to show how rich they were. The rye bread which sometimes contained tree bark was made for the poor. After the dough is ready to be baked, I bake the dough on a griddle with an overturned bowl to make a makeshift oven for use over an open fire. We do this because a regular oven costs 6 shillings and this will give my father a greater profit to be able to care for our families needs.

After the bread has baked the people come to get the bread. My father belongs to a baker’s guild with three other bakers. Each baker must keep the same price for a loaf of bread which is a penny loaf. So that everyone has a fair amount of business. My father makes a profit of 4 shillings a year.

We must now give people extra bread so that we don’t get in trouble because we have been cheating on the public by giving them less bread for their money. If we cheat on the public we will be severely punished. This has given my father less profit and has affected our family.

Also, there are always sicknesses going around the colonies so we must spend more money on medicine to take care of my baby brother Harold and the rest of our family.

There has been a great uproar in the colonies because the King of England is trying to take all kinds of things like sugar and tea. This has affected our family because our family now has to pay taxes to make bread.

I live in a small hut on the corner of Bread Lane. Our hut is made out of mud bricks and wood. The hut does not have windows because we cannot afford them so we have small slits in the walls to let air come.

This is a day in the life of a baker’s daughter. As you can see my life is not always easy but my family is always there for me.

**Adapted by Holly Harris**

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**The Colonial Baker**

 In the Colonial era most bread was baked in the home, either by a family member or by a servant. There were a few places that did have bake shops. Other than breads their products depended on what was on hand and what was in season. The baker depended upon others for the raw materials. Some of the raw materials that a baker would use were: flour, sugar, grains, and various fruits. Bakers also depended on wood for the ovens to bake their goods. Usually a baker would use a Dutch ovens.  
 Baking was very important to the colonies in the 1700’s. People did not have supermarkets and grocery stores that they could go to and buy goods. Being so, people would often times open up their own bakery, in which the people of the colony could purchase goods such as: bread, sweets, and pies.

The baker's day was a very long one. Although his bread probably tasted wonderful, he earned very little. There was no place quite so welcome on a cold day as the bake house. It was always warm and cozy in there. Local people often stopped during a shower to take refuge in the stables which opened right on to the main road. If it was really cold weather, many of those who would claim to know the baker would turn off the road and would go into the bake house to enjoy the warmth and have a chat before continuing their journey.

The bake house was a low, square building with a window looking straight out on to the river. The oven stood nearly opposite the door of the bake house. A stout iron door closed its mouth and inside was a deep and low cavern paved with flat stones. It was heated with wood and kept in stacks on the ground. The next best fuel was gorse and thorn, which could be obtained when the big hedges in the meadows were being cut.

Most of this fuel could be bought very easily, as it was useless for general household purposes. When lumber had burnt itself out, the door of the oven was opened and any embers that remained were raked out by means of a long-handled tool that was curved at the end. Once the fire was lit, the oven was now ready to receive the batch of loaves. The dough had been made and been left out to rise.

On three sides of the bake house were long wooden bins raised on short legs from the floor. One of these contained cake tins and other sundried herbs, another contained flour, and the third was used as a container for the dough while it was rising. When removed from the bin, the dough was kneaded. The lump of bread had parts removed and what was left was used for the bread. Loaves were typically made in two sizes and sold to members of the colony.

Adapted by: Holly Harris, July 19, 2012

**A Day in the Life of an Apothecary**

I live in Williamsburg, a small town in the southern colonies. My name is May, I am 14 and an apothecary apprentice. My mother is a potter. I write in a journal every day and this is my journal entry for today, May 6, 1770.

I’m up at dawn just like every other morning. There are two reasons I am up early. One my mother gets up at six and it is impossible for her to do things quietly in the morning. Two it is a half hour walk to the shop and I have to be there at seven. So I’m up six as usual I eat breakfast, get dressed and pack my bag, lunch, journal, quill pen, ink, and some tools. I leave at just after dawn. I love my walk to the shop. I pass fields grazed by sheep, horses, and cows. I pass the bakery, candle shop, blacksmith shop, market place, and church. Our shop, well technically Lucy’s shop is the last shop in town. Actually, her cousin Leo owns the shop. When he became the priest here he couldn’t handle both so he gave the shop to Lucy. I walked into the shop which was already open for the day.

“Good morning Lucy!” I shouted as I dropped my bag on a table by the door and got out the tools.

“Morning!” she shouted back.

“I brought the tools you wanted.” I said as she came out of the back room.

“Great, she said “Go put your stuff in the back.”

“Do we have any one for today?”

“No but you never know who will show up.”

Mid-morning we had our first customer. “Hello how may I help you?” I asked

“My name is Ida Swanson I live in Williamsburg which is east of here. I came to get some medicine for my sister and I. We both take water-based medicine but they don’t make it in our town so we came here. Do you make water-based medicine?”

“Um, well, yes we do. We just don’t have any made now. Lucy!”

“Yes” she said as she came from the back room.

“Can you-”

“Ida!”

“Lucy! How I missed you I didn’t know you were an apothecary.”

“Yes, well my cousin Leo is a priest and he owned the business but our priest died and he was asked to be the priest for Williamsburg. He said yes and both jobs became too much so he gave the shop to me. I needed an apprentice so I got May. Her mother is the town potter.”

“That’s great!”

“May, this is Ida. We knew each other when I lived in Jamestown.”

“Hello. Lucy she needs water based medicine. I don’t think we have any. You might have to make some.”

“Your right, we don’t have any I will go make some. You stay here and talk with Ida.” Then Lucy went to the back room to make some.

“So are you going to move here?” I said.

“I think so. My brother lives here and I think we will stay with him for a while.”

“Have you heard of the bubonic plague?” I asked.

“Oh yes, I have. It is in almost all of the northern colonies and I heard that some larger town are building walls around the towns and checking people for infections or symptoms that may lead to them bringing it into the town.”

“Has it worked so far?”

“Yes, but it won’t work for long because the plague travels mostly by mosquitoes.”

“Lucy and I are working on a medicine that can prevent and treat the bubonic plague. Not a paste that is applied to the body but a water-based fluid that can be drank or swallowed.”

“Interesting, have you succeeded?”

“No, not yet but we are almost there.” Then Lucy came from the back room with Ida’s medicine.

“Nice talking with you.” Ida said

“You too,” I answered and she left.

I ate my lunch and had a doughnut since Lucy had stopped by the bakery on the way to the shop and got a half dozen doughnuts. We made three more medicines and even tried a new one for fast pain relief. It didn’t work. No one else came for the rest of the day. Lucy closes the shop before dusk so it’s not too dark when I walk home. She had me take four doughnuts home. When I got home my mom had dinner ready and we had doughnuts after. Today was kind of a slow day. Usually we have two, three or maybe four customers. But still today was good. My mom ate her two doughnuts after dinner. I ate one then and saved the other until now.

[](http://images.google.com/imgres?imgurl=http://www.villagekitchen.com/mfg/arc/luminarc/jars/apothecary/art/apothecary_jar_mix_lum.jpg&imgrefurl=http://www.villagekitchen.com/mfg/arc/luminarc/jars/apothecary/apothecary_clear.html&usg=__Tz-pVXm3iQhoShgd-joWxuwWvao=&h=457&w=492&sz=48&hl=en&start=2&um=1&tbnid=k6Ldn3TICGEzlM:&tbnh=121&tbnw=130&prev=/images?q=Apothecary&um=1&hl=en&client=firefox-a&rls=org.mozilla:en-US:official&sa=N)[](http://images.google.com/imgres?imgurl=http://www.uphs.upenn.edu/paharc/collections/gallery/buildings/712_Apothecary.jpg&imgrefurl=http://www.uphs.upenn.edu/paharc/collections/gallery/buildings/Apothecary.html&usg=__z4RLPqyUYQA6pOzitw8fsSIIEgI=&h=385&w=500&sz=25&hl=en&start=1&um=1&tbnid=JsnEKK0Yee43FM:&tbnh=100&tbnw=130&prev=/images?q=Apothecary&um=1&hl=en&client=firefox-a&rls=org.mozilla:en-US:official&sa=N)

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**A Day in the Life of an Apothecary**

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| Colonial Medicine  \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ | | |  |
|  | |  |  | | --- | --- | |  |  | |  | | Medicine was practiced differently in colonial times than from today. Treatments sometimes worked, but often led to weakness and or death. Most family illnesses were treated at home. There was always a supply of medicinal herbs and other remedies because each family grew their own herbs and made their own medicine. They believed that herbs could cure anything.  Sometimes the cures were very different. For itching, it was recommended to use one quart of fish worms, one pound of hog's fat, half a pint of turpentine and good brandy to be rubbed on the infected part. For a chill, it was thought that the dry shell of a turtle boiled in water would be good if the person drank 2 to 3 doses of the liquid. Wild daisy mixed with animal fat was good for rubbing on a cut. Sage mixed with fat and cornmeal was supposed to cure a headache. Sometimes a cure was worse than the illness, so people learned not to complain much.  There were hardly any doctors in colonial times and they were not well trained. There were no stethoscopes or thermometers. They had not been invented yet. Doctors had to do a lot of guessing as to what was wrong with his patients. Many doctors thought that illnesses could be cured by cleaning out the germs. They would cut open a vein in the sick man's arm and let some blood come out. Sometimes they would give their patients something to make them throw up. Leeches were also used to suck blood from a patient's body. Many times this would weaken a sick person and he would die. It was definitely dangerous to get sick.  There were no dentists, but there were apothecaries. These were like drugstores. They would sell herbs and other cures for sickness. Chalk was sold for upset stomachs, bark from trees for fever, and other potions that were believed to heal the sick. The apothecary also served as the dentist. He would pull the rotten teeth of the colonists.   |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | Created by Yarden and Steven  Solomon Schechter Day School  June 2006 | | |  | |  |  |  |  | | http://www.ssdsbergen.org/Colonial/apoth05.jpg  Colonial Apothecary |  |
|  | http://www.ssdsbergen.org/Colonial/quackx_bleeding2_sm.jpg  A doctor cutting a sick man's vein to release blood. |  |
|  | http://www.ssdsbergen.org/Colonial/doctor%20thingy.jpg  Two men work, as one holds down the patient while the other pulls her tooth. |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |